

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of
Revelations of a Wife

How Madge Responded to Lillian's Great Need.

With a single startled glance at my mother-in-law I flew past her into the little hall and down the stairs to the sitting room, where Robert Savarin awaited me.

He was walking restlessly up and down the room when I entered, and I saw that his face was white and drawn with anxiety.

"Lillian!" I exclaimed apprehensively, as he turned and saw me. "Is she—worse—Or—Marion?"

He came up to me swiftly, took my hands in his reassuringly, and bent above them with the reverent courtesy which never deserts him, even in moments of stress.

"Not worse," he said, and I saw that he had not even heard my query concerning Marion. His soul was wrapped up in Lillian's condition. "But she is—quite—disturbed—over—something—in which she believes you can help her, and she has asked to see you. I must tell you that the nurse only consented to my coming for you when she had seen that a refusal would affect Lillian more unfavorably than the excitement of seeing you. I am afraid Miss Jones considers Lillian's condition to be more serious than I have suspected. I would have been—"

An Eagle Question.

He broke off abruptly as he saw a little involuntary movement of impatience on my part. I was wild to get to Lillian, and I guessed that the rest of his sentence was moved by his great love that he had pressed her unduly to give him his promise he had asked so long, that as soon as the legal bonds holding her to Harry Underwood could be severed, she would marry him, and so give him the right to care for herself and Marion. It was a promise that I was anxious to have her make, for I knew that happiness for my sorely tried friend could be given her only by the man who stood before me, but I was angry at the masculine blindness which had led him to insist upon her answer when she was in no condition to make any decision.

"You can come at once?" he asked with a touch of formality.

"This minute," I returned. "The car is in the driveway. If you'll get in I'll speak to my mother-in-law."

She was already in the doorway, and I gave her a hasty word of explanation as I put on my hat and coat, and hurried out of the door.

With the swift, comforting rise to an emergency which she is always sure to exhibit, she was red, hot, and carping or irritating in her manner.

Marion's Plea.

"Stay as long as you need," she said. "I will look after everything."

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"GLORY RIDES THE RANGE"

BY ETHEL AND JAMES DORRANCE.

A Thrilling Romance of Love and Action.

A charming little love story woven into an adventurous tale of the early west.

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CHAPTER I.

At the Ford.

A girl and a horse—would never have thought they could bear so many points of resemblance. But if you could have seen Gloria and her horse, you would have been struck by the similarity.

Both were rangy in build, yet taut of muscle; both young, as youth compares in horse and human; both trained to the limit of capability and endurance.

Atop an enfolding ridge ample excuse for a few minutes' lag was being unneeded, sans admission or tax—a marvelous, natural-history motion picture. The muffled accompaniment of many thudding hoofs invited attention to the "show" of a hundred odd wild horses in purposeful migration.

Screwing her binoculars into focus, Gloria looked; next moment exclaimed in an excited way as she recognized the band. There was no mistaking the "Strack," if one ever had seen or even heard of that regal stallion. A "spook" horse, the Apaches had dubbed him when, season in and season out he had evaded their most wily snares. Gloria's horse was of this outlaw breed, captured some years before, broken by Gloria herself and named Conflagration.

Glancing in the direction of the ford at Lost and Found River the girl saw there a motor, evidently in trouble, and galloped in that direction.

The nearer view showed the vehicle in distress to be a motor-truck which had left the hardpan crossing and come to a period in midstream. When one of the two men aboard left the driver's seat, climbed over the load and seemed about to attempt wading ashore, Gloria felt impelled to warn him.

"Hold up, stranger!" she shouted, cupping her hands trumpetwise. "Wait till your horse's over. Haven't you got all the time there is?"

The foreground included the squat figure of "Always Busy," an old Apache whose dominant characteristic was contradicted by his name.

As the stranger seemed minded to heed her warning, Gloria spared a quieter greeting for the Indian.

"Hello, Busy-bee. Living up to your rep as per usual, I see."

"White man dam' fool, Missy Glory-faze!" His unsleaved arm flung a gesture of scorn toward the truck.

The girl's glance of appraisal settled upon the stranger so characterized. "So?" ran her mental comment.

The gent I'm delegated by circumstance to help is that sort—the puttee-knickered-belt-coated-Panama-hatted sort! He sure looks a raw Easterner, of the breed that never measures up.

The great bulk of the truck prevented it from being swallowed up at once in the quicksands, but a man attempting to leave it would inevitably be engulfed unless aided from the shore.

"You advise me to stay here?" The man's lifted tone, as well as his expression, was rueful. "Tedious prospect that. Couldn't you throw out a pontoon bridge?"

Gloria sniffed. "I'm not up to bridge-throwing, but I'll fling you my string and tow you ashore."

Forthwith she unfastened the horse-hair riata from her saddle-horn and limbered its supple strands. With a free-arm movement that bespoke the control of hard muscles underneath, she circled the noose several times about her head. Suddenly, before you would have imagined that she could gain such force, it shot forth and fell about the stranger's shoulders.

"Bravo!" applauded the older person who still sat behind the steering wheel.

"Likely I'm not the first man you've roped," was the comment of him she had caught, as she pulled him ashore.

"Miss old madam, I thank you," said the stranger elaborately. "As a savor of human life, as a fisher of a decidedly appreciative fish, you are a success. If you could only have landed me with one quick jerk, though, as I've seen done with trout, I needn't have wet my clothes."

A surge of indignation caught her. But Gloria and her horse had learned to discipline herself. With polite calm she responded: "If you'd had presence of mind enough, you might have left your pretty jacket on the truck. And if you'd been driving cayuses instead of a motor truck, their instinct of protecting themselves, if not you, would have kept them from entering a swallow-all like the Lost-and-Found, no matter how hard you tried. But you can't expect gasoline to have horse-sense, any which way."

"Young lady, it is unpatriotic of you to criticize me or my conveyance."

"Unpatriotic?"

"Yes. You see, the government has approved me and the motor truck."

"The government?"

"Allow me to introduce ourselves. I have the honor of being Seth Gilson, of the United States Geological Survey, in your midst on desert duty. Whilst yonder—With something of a flourish he waded toward his companion. "The gentleman on the truck may look to you like a mere representation of patience on a monument. As a matter of fact, he is no less a celebrity than Alonzo Funk, my assistant, said to be more intimately acquainted with Forty-Mile desert and Death Valley than any other man extant."

"Well, for geologists," she observed to Seth Gilson, "you haven't shown yourselves keen to quicksand! A hundred-foot gate to the right would have given you a hard-pan ford all the way across."

"But I have a good excuse; always make a point of having one or two handy in case of mistakes. A flock of horses or a covey of whatever you say."

"A band," she corrected.

"Thanks so much. A band of what looked to be wild horses went tearing southward and diverted my caution. Since you, too, like horses—"

"Any excuse is better than none," she commented, with returning acerbity.

"That's the idea!" He nodded cheerfully. "But the burning question of the moment is how to get that superwagon of mine ashore."

"Your load—heavy or light?"

"Compared to lighter things—heavy." The circumspiced answer was accompanied by a sigh. "Since you show an interest, we carry galvanized steel pipes, to be used as water signposts on the desert."

She turned quickly and looked him over again, from Panama to puttees.

"So you—you are the sign-post man?"

"At last you really get me!"

"Would I need to be so bright, to get a sign-post man? Besides, we heard that you were coming. It's to be hoped that you carry a 'Stop, Look, Listen!' against quicksand, if other mushers are as slow to recognize it as you."

"Unfortunately, Alonzo and I are equipped only to mark the desert water. However, I can have a special sign for quicksand executed on my return, if you think it advisable."

"Oh, it's not likely that the regular run of travelers will be dense enough to need it!" Again she took aim at him. "I was only thinking that if some geological experts were to follow you."

Instinctively artistic, Gloria usually left something to the imagination of those she met in verbal combat. The contents of the great Hercules truck had a special significance for Gloria. It was in the desert waste of the Solomonic Desert that her mother had perished four years before. True to her word, she had died of thirst and her body had been buried by the shifting sands; and all because none of the party with whom the little lady had been traveling home from a visit to a sick relative was desert-wise enough to dig for water which was only 15 feet below their parched feet. These signposts, telling where to dig for water and in which direction to go for water, would prevent similar tragedies.

Action was a strong point with Gloria. Taking the Indian with her for help she rode to a mule corral of her father's not far off and, returning with 20 of these sturdy animals, directed the rigging of the stout tackle which was on the motor truck and presently had the cumbersome machine safe on the bank.

True to her word, she offered an invitation that Gilson and his companion accept the hospitality of her father at Blaze ranch.

"You're from the East, aren't you, Mr. Young Man?"

This was the one gibe she allowed herself—and only after her invitation had been provisionally accepted and she was again in quicksand, but a man attempting to leave it would inevitably be engulfed unless aided from the shore.

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